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TERMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Moral Testament.

A life, as it always was, a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very great, even when it is most necessary or most judicious; but for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbors. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price, but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the faults or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame, as to linger on the ground.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as ourselves, and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

In every performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part, very often not the greatest part, the effect of voluntary and regular design.

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome, and that, consequently, the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.

Self confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings; yet he who forms his opinion of himself without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error.

It may not be less dangerous to claim on certain occasions, too little than too much. There is something repulsive in spirit, and in intention, to which we often yield as to a resistless power, nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.

There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.

Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in man. Realize surpasses imagination, and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes, sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

He that is pleased with himself, easily lingers in his shell, please others.

Those who raise envy will easily incur care.

Pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient without the supplemental laws of good breeding, to secure freedom from disgusting intrusions, or self esteem from swelling into insolence. A thousand follies may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who can not persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of life time to a multitude of tyrants.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority. Men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search, or a truer survey than others, and detect faults and follies which escape vulgar observation.

To get a name can happen but to few. A name, even in the most remote old nation, is one of the few things which can not be bought. It is the free gift of mankind, which must be deserved before it will be granted, and is at last unwillingly bestowed.

All change is of itself evil, which ought not to be hurried but for evident advantages.

The pain of misanthropy is naturally proportionate to the desire of excellence; and therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained by frequent struggles, the art of suppressing their emotions, diffidence is found the inseparable associate of understanding.

We do not so often disappoint others as ourselves, as we not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are not expected to rise.

He that is loudly praised, will be clamorous. He that rises hastily into fame, will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.

PHARISEISM.—A writer in the Knickerbocker has some well-timed remarks on the Phariseism of the age. This is a subject which most publications, and most writers, out of a pious and unreflecting interest, are afraid to handle, but it nevertheless is one for men to think and to speak of. "This Phariseism," says the writer, "is a disease of the mind, and is much to be deplored in its effects on the morals and manners of the people who are under its influence. Pride, hardness of character, sourness of disposition, monkism out of doors, if we may so call it, are its effects. On this subject we have already observed an excellent article in the same magazine, entitled, 'A few candid observations.' Our liberal literary men would do well to dilate upon it. We need now the just men of cheerful, human-religious feeling; a blood Catholic sentiment, connected with joy, gaiety, hilarity, and an appreciation of the beauties of nature, and particularly of art, as exhibited in all its resources and developments. The following passages from the Knickerbocker are significant.—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

"The Christian Religion is a great moral creed. The second of these two great commands in which the Saviour of mankind condensed all the law and the prophets, is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' meaning without doubt, that we should accord to all those with whom we sustain any social relations whatever, all those respects of justice, or of kindness and courtesy, we would in like circumstances wish them to accord to us. Now what is this but an injunction to the practice of good works? what bids it to love our neighbor unless we demand that by deeds whenever occasion requires? What sort of reformers then are those who denounce all acts of justice, kindness, forgiveness and charity as 'filthy rags'? Nay, I have on more than one occasion heard these preachers of practical religion solemnly assure their hearers that the virtues and good deeds of an unregenerate man are an insult to his maker. Thus we are likely to have a religion consisting entirely of abstract principles of faith, and devoid of all its rich, regular, Christian virtues, all temporarily. These are not edicts, denunciations, protest, but to give place in piety without substance, and bigotry without religion.

Religion is but another name for love. It is neither compounded fear, hatred, pride, presumption or persecution. It is all love. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. There is nothing to fear, nothing of servile submission, nothing of bishop's prebends; nothing of the real presence, or any of these outward forms and ceremonies, those metaphysical principles of the Christian religion, from the altar of a man's soul has with his opinions. All these are ordered by the Author of Christianity when contemplating in its great beneficent purpose the whole duty of man to God and his fellow-creatures, the entire sum and substance of that sublime system of morals which it was one great object of his divine mission to propound and to inculcate."

RELY ON YOURSELF.

We often hear young men complaining that they are born poor. Very well, what have I lost around me and you will find that nine tenths of our rich men were, in early life, not worth a cent. Console yourself, then, with the reflection, that if the past is any guarantee for the future, your chances of being wealthy are much better than if you had been born rich. The last is, while you ought to have been up and doing, you have been crying to Jupiter to help you out of the mire with your wheel. Rely on yourself hereafter. Consider that in this world, where every man is striving his best to outdo his neighbor, you will have to wait forever if you trust the advancement of your fortunes to others. The old Greek began to cry the calf when young, and became eventually strong enough to bear a bull. Do you, like him, go to wait in earnest, and by and by you will be astonished to see what you can do. The great secret of the failure of the rich man's son in life, is this, they depend on their father's wealth, lose all energy, enterprise and industry, and are, at last, in spite of their advantages, disappointed by those who have been snubbed and grieved for the race of years. We once read a story whose hero took for his motto, 'reliance'—and whenever any difficulty met him and he felt his heart sinking, he whispered 'reliance' to himself, and went to work resolute on success.—*What made Napoleon so great a man? It was his iron will, quite as much as his genius. Your men who have no minds of their own, and are unable to rely on themselves, are like children in go-carts, who, the moment their support is gone, tumble headlong. We have a surely determined boy at school, even if he is a little obstinate; for we know he will get along in the world. All your great reformers have been men of resolute wills. Luther would have failed at the crisis of his fate had he not said he was going to Worms, tho' it should rain Duke Georges nine days in succession, and every roof be piled with devils.—When the charges of French calvary broke among the British squares at Waterloo, like successive waves before Eddystone, in a tempestuous sea, Wellington exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, we must die at our post, there can be no retreat,' and it was that heroic resolution, and that only, which won the day. And this is the secret of all success. Take our word for it, young man, unless you make up your mind to rely on yourself, you will never achieve any thing worthy of your manhood.—*Neal's Gaz.**

A flying machine is said to have been invented by one of the most ferocious inmates of the French prison of La Force, and constructed on principles apparently more certain than any that have yet been discovered in the age of invention.

JUVENILE FAITH IN GOD.

The following fine description of faith, were sent to the children of the Sunday School at St. Thomas' Church, in this City, by Dr. Hawes, the Rector. *New York Mirror.*

I knew a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had,
The oldest was but six years old—
A gentle modest maid.
And very hard this widow felt
To feel her children had,
An honest little woman left,
Though she was very poor.
To labor, she would leave her home—
For children must be fed—
And glad was when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.
And this was all the children had
On any day to eat—
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.
One day when snow was falling fast,
And frost was on the ground,
I thought that I would find her
How these poor children were.
Ere long I reached that cheerless home,
I saw a mother in tears—
While going to the street door
I saw four little heads.
I pushed to listen to her lay—
He never raised his head—
But still went on and said—*'Gone as this day out of my head.'*
I waited till the children came,
And hearing no reply—
And when he saw I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said.
'Why, sir,' said he, *'this morning, when I was at school, I said it—'*
She wept because she said she had
No bread for her children.
'If I could,' she said, *'now must I starve,*
And then I could be happy—'
And then I could be happy—
'Oh, Father, sir, the poor man begins,
What makes me think just this,
As my father and mother were,
Who had no bread to eat.'
And when she saw the prayer, she said,
Ask God for bread each day—
So, in the corner, she I went,
And said what made me pray.
I could not help that wicked room,
And when I saw the children,
Ask, 'where was your father, when you were a boy?'
With a loud laugh he said,
'I thought God had made me,' said the boy—
I saw him weep a tear—
I could not help but think I thought
Of that father's face in tears.

CHANGE OF WORLDS.

'Though I think that I am a soul,
Wherever I go I find myself alone,
My heart and my mind never find
For God, my truest friend, is there.'

The annals of death fall thick around us, and this charming world, is like the field of a strife, slain with the dead and dying. The mourners go about the streets—they follow the young, the lovely, the beautiful, the good, to their long home—the silent grave. The mournful wail echoes to their measured pace, through the sepulchral tones with the burst of sorrow.

But in all the circumstances of our attention on the depositories of those we love from the busy scenes of life, there is to the Christian much consolation, when he feels assured that they had witnessed a good confession. Seeing they have escaped these streams and billows of life's tempestuous sea, and conscious that they are safe in the port of endless bliss, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, we feel resigned—knowing that our loss is their infinite gain. Indeed we rejoice, rather than mourn for truly our separation will be a very short one, and our meeting with happy reunions; O how joyful! Then shall we breathe our native air, and taste the fruit of that delightful climate where all is fertile, rich and fragrant.

Among the rich evidences of the power of Christianity nothing can be more convincing than the last hours of a dying saint, who bears a bright testimony to the truth of his doctrines. What a sublime scene! Behold him on the margin of a river, wrapped about with the garments of salvation, and preparing to step into its cold waters. He enters singing as he goes. The ministering angels look on him over. He joins the opposite shore. Sister spirits welcome him home. He joins the celestial company.—*Hemans, he blesses him. He reaches his eternal home. He is forever at rest.*

ADVANCE OUTWITTED.

The case of John Eyre, Esq., who, though worth £30,000, was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation for stealing seven quires of common paper, was rendered more memorable by the opportunity which it gave Justice to impeach the integrity of Lord Mansfield, who is supposed to have aided in admitting him to bail. An anecdote related of Mr. Eyre, shows in a striking manner the depravity of the human heart, and may help to account for the meanness of the crime of which he stood convicted.

An uncle of his, a gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favor of a clergyman who was an intimate friend, and committed it, unknown to the rest of the family, to the custody of the divine. However, not long before his death he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only £500, leaving the bulk of his large fortune to go to his nephew, Mr. Eyre.

Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre, rummaging over his papers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of £500 to be for the clergyman, without any hesitation or scruple of conscience, he put it in the fire, and

took possession of the whole effects in consequence of his uncle's being supposed to have died intestate. The clergyman coming to town soon after, inquired into the circumstance of his old friend's death, and asked if he had made any will before he died. On being answered by Mr. Eyre in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the former will which had been committed to his care, in which the old gentleman had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of £500 to Mr. Eyre.

What a Good Citizen Ought to do.—The celebrated preacher, Dr. Channing, says, among the best people, especially among the religious, there are some, who, through disgust with the violence and frauds of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in the relations, and imposed on them the duties of citizens, and they are no more authorized to shrink from these duties than from those of sons, husbands, and fathers. They owe a great debt to their country, and must discharge it by giving support to what they deem the best men and measures. Nor let them say they can do nothing. Every good man, if faithful to his convictions, benefits his country. All parties are kept in check by the spirit of the better portion of people whom they contain.

A good man, not tamely subservient to the body with which he acts, but judging it impartially, or using it freely, bearing testimony against its evils, and withholding his support from wrong, does good to those around him, and his duty as a citizen. There are, unfortunately for the country, many who seem to take pride in saying, 'I take no interest in politics,' thereby admitting a want of patriotism and an entire indifference to the condition of the country. Such men should know, that if the good withdraw from an active participation in politics, the affairs of the country will inevitably fall into the hands of the profligate and bad. There are thousands and tens of thousands who condemn, in the most decided manner, the ruinous measures of a political party, and are convinced that the country can never recover its high standing and prosperity but by putting that party out which has abused the confidence of the people, and enticed its leaders by frauds and speculations, who, nevertheless, can scarcely be persuaded to go to the polls and vote, as every good citizen is morally bound to do, some times they stay at home and do not vote at all. It is by the absence of such men from the polls, that corrupt men retain power, upon their shoulders, therefore, rests much of the responsibility of the evil and suffering that have been brought upon the country.

These men are capable of reflection; let them reflect that if they have suffered, they owe that suffering in some measure to their own conduct—to a neglect of duty.

The Toronto Globe, a Canadian paper, does not seem to be in favor of war on the question of Oregon. It says—'This is not the age when "loyalty" goes by blind superstition; it is guided by discrimination. Nations are not to be ruled with a rod of iron—but swayed by a wise and liberal policy. Let the Home Government reflect on the position of Canada, should a war unhappily arise between Britain and the United States.' This is very different from the temper of the British Canadian press when the McLeod affair was taking place. *True American.*

A Poor Reward.—The Safety Insurance Company, and the Sun Mutual Insurance Company, of New York, have presented to the Postmaster, John Joseph, a chest of clothes, books, &c., totaling about \$80, in appreciation of his conduct on the occasion of the ship *Sharon*, of Fairhaven, being captured by the pirates. After they had murdered Captain Norrie, this young lad cut away the halyards and sheets, so that the natives could not succeed in running away with the ship, and which enabled the second mate, Mr. Clough, to enter the cabin windows and retake her.

Colt's SUBMARINE BATTERY.—The Secretary of War and the Navy, to whom the subject was referred by the last House of Representatives, have arrived at the conclusion that Colt's submarine battery was nothing new; that he is entitled to neither praise nor reward; and that he has only availed himself of Fulton's stationery torpedo and Professor Hare's galvanic current. It appears from the communication of the Secretary of the Navy, however, that all Mr. Colt's labors have not been for naught. He has received from that department over fifteen thousand dollars on his own account, and over two thousand dollars for experiments—amounting in all, to upwards of seventeen thousand dollars.

Art of Floating.—Any human being who will have presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face toward the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerable still water—aye and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose—not the top part of your heavy head—be the highest part of you, and you are safe; but thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two drownings by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread them.

The fortifications of Paris are to be armed with 2203 mortars, cannon, howitzers; of which 50 are to be Paixhan guns; 5350 muskets for the ramparts; 200,000 infantry muskets; 1500 fuses; 1,000,000 projectiles, &c.

Barth Isaac Kizer.—There is not only good American patriotism in the following article from the Boston Courier of May 23d, but exceeding good democracy. The article alluded to from the Colonial Magazine we will not copy—but will say it is a perfect combination of all that is wise and insistent. The Courier has done its duty in a manly and independent manner.

The annexed article—impudently ferocious and insultingly rancorous—we take from the Colonial Magazine—a London monthly periodical. It breathes the spirit of the *British Government*, though, we trust not, that of the people of Great Britain. We are not quite ready to believe that a war with this country would be popular in England; but such is the immense power of the government and the influence of the aristocracy, that war can be carried on with equal energy and with equal prospect of success, whether the mass of down-trodden humanity should approve or not.

of "reducing this most unnatural child to a sense of duty"—any thing will serve her purpose as an apology for war; but she would rather that the first open act, that should be termed provocation, should come from us. Notwithstanding the grasping avarice and murder-loving rapacity of her statesmen, we hope that wiser thoughts may pervade the public mind and the national councils of the United States. Yet it is true as any thing written on the records of eternity, that if Great Britain should obtain undisputed possession of California and Oregon, nothing will prevent her from at least attempting to reduce the United States to colonial submission. *State Sentinel.*

LARGE STEAMBOATS.—A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Morning Post, thus notices two large steamers building in the former city:

The steamer Oregon was launched to-day, noon, on the East River side, near the Dry Dock. She is incomparably the most beautiful as well as the longest craft that I ever saw afloat. The Oregon is 318 feet long, 35 feet beam; with 4 water-wheels 34 feet in diameter Boilers 22 feet long, 72 inch cylinder and 11 feet smoke. Her finishings will surpass every boat afloat—her entire cost will be nearly \$200,000, and her route the East River to Providence. But the mammoth steamer has not yet been launched; in the course of three weeks she will be swimming on the bosom of the waters. The 'St. Nicholas,' designed for another line on the North River, is building in an adjoining yard, with 40 feet beam, and 340 feet in length!

GOLD.—The working of the gold mines at the South is said to be increasingly profitable. A letter from Mr. Gibson at the branch mint, at Charlottesville, N.C., published in Sillman's Journal, states that increasing quantities of gold are received at that mint, from mines in North Carolina and South Carolina—occasionally, also, from Georgia and Alabama. Gold bullion to the value of \$272,000, was deposited for coinage during the last year, exceeding by nearly one hundred thousand dollars the deposits of any preceding yearly period. The sands of the Catawba river and other streams passing through the gold regions, have lately been washed with profit. The workmen reside in shanties on the banks of the rivers, by permission of the owners, and the mine spots are worked over successively as fresh deposits of sand &c. are washed down. A Mr. Gibson has recently entered extensively upon the business of washing for gold. His method of laboring is thus described in Mr. Gibson's letter: "He employs flatboats, or scows, which are pushed out into the river, and detained at their stations by poles at the corners. Three men are employed in each boat, who manage long handled shovels of peculiar construction, for the improvement of which Gibson has applied for a patent. The shovels are worked by a long crop-handle, which acts as a lever, and the shaft has several projections, upon which the foot of the workman is placed, according to the depth of the water, to assist in penetrating the sand and gravel at the bottom of the stream. A man uses one of these shovels on each side of the boat, while a third hand pulls at a grape vine, fastened near the lower end of the handle, to raise the shovel at the side of the boat, into which he empties the contents. Every evening the accumulations are washed at the shore side by a rocker, attached to which is a drainer with quicksilver, to amalgamate the particles of precious metal.—The quality of this gold, brought in the amalgam to our mint, proves to be above standard.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—"Why, doctor," said a pale, thin young yankee, to a disciple of Esculapius, "you charge me, in this bill, for ten visits. I have only received six." "Ah! Yes, I know," said the doctor, pulling on his gloves; "the other four visits were made. I called in the morning; you were not up, and so I left my card."

About a week after the young man called, very early in the morning, on the doctor, for the purpose of settling his little bill. The doctor was not up, so the young man left the money for six visits, and also left four cards.

The doctor met him the next day and complained; but all the satisfaction he got was; "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

Great powers can not be exerted but when great emergency makes them necessary. Great exigencies can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities which have a claim for the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.

Queen Victoria has an income of £2 3s 2d, per second!